Walt Disney's
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By Andrea Posner-Sanchez ✻ Illustrated by Dawn Saldain and Eric Binder

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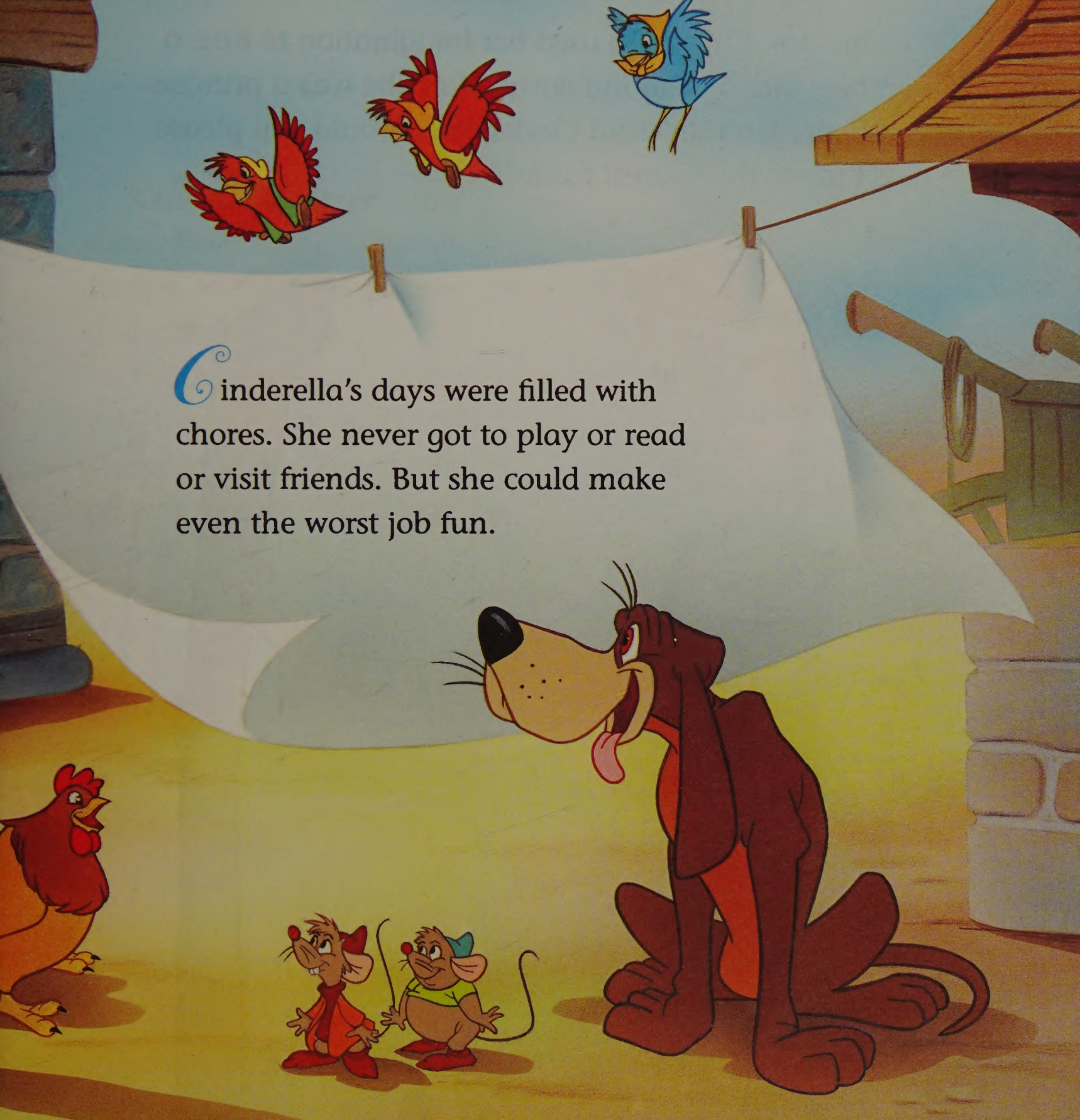


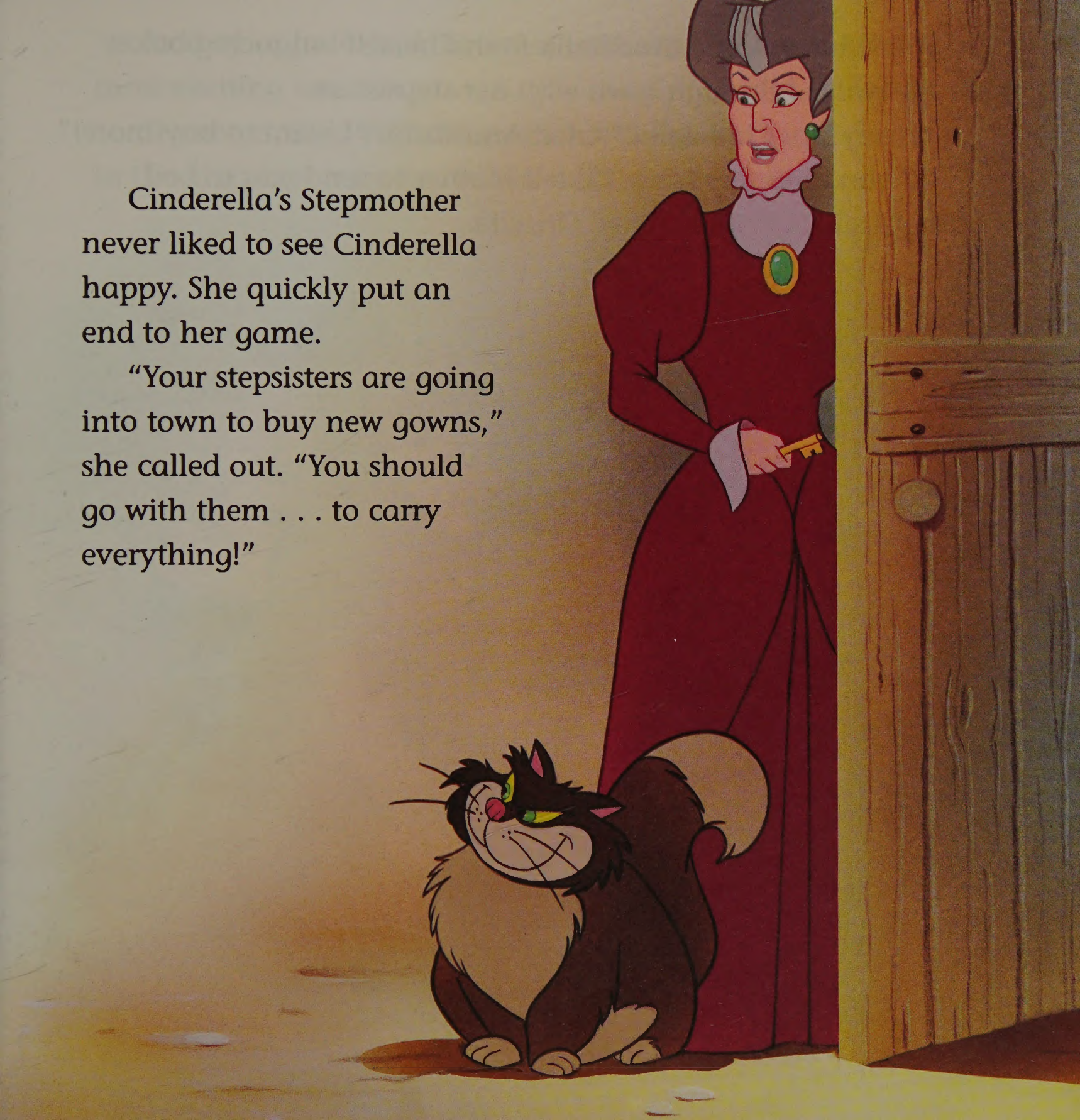
Cinderella's days were filled with chores. She never got to play or read or visit friends. But she could make even the worst job fun.

One day, Cinderella used her imagination to turn a bedsheet into a beautiful gown. Now she was a princess.

"Hello, kind sir," said Cinderella. "Would you please direct me to the nearest castle?"

Cinderella's Stepmother never liked to see Cinderella happy. She quickly put an end to her game.

"Your stepsisters are going into town to buy new gowns," she called out. "You should go with them . . . to carry everything!"



A few hours later, Cinderella found herself balancing boxes as she walked through town with her stepsisters.

"Hurry up, Cinderella!" cried Anastasia. "I want to buy more!"

"If you drop anything, I'll tell Mother to send you to bed without supper!" threatened Drizella.

As they approached the center of town, they heard the most exciting news.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" shouted a royal messenger. "Everyone in the kingdom is invited to the castle for a masked ball."

As soon as they got home, the sisters ran to tell their mother.

"The King is having a masked ball," they cried. "Can we go?"

"Of course," their mother replied. "And you'll have the finest costumes money can buy."

"May I go, too?" Cinderella asked.

"Hmm . . . My lovely daughters could use a maid at the ball," her Stepmother said, thinking out loud. "You'll have to wait on your stepsisters. And, of course, you'll have to make your own costume!"

Now even the masked ball was going to be a chore! But Cinderella still wanted to go.

"Oh, Gus, it's going to be wonderful," she told her little friend. "And I know just what to use for a costume. Once my bedsheet is dry, I will turn it into the perfect princess gown."

But that night, while Cinderella dreamed of the masked ball, mean old Lucifer went outside. He swiped his claws across Cinderella's sheet, ripping it to shreds.

Cinderella was crushed when she saw the ruined sheet.

"Poor Cinderelly," said Gus.

As a bird flew around the room, carrying a piece of the sheet, Jaq got an idea.

"Cinderelly can be a swan princess," Jaq told Cinderella.

Cinderella went to work on her costume. The sheet strips looked a little like feathers, so she stitched them together to make a feathery skirt.

Gus and Jaq helped make the mask.

"Pretty, Cinderelly!" Gus said as Cinderella modeled the finished costume.

Downstairs, Anastasia and Drizella were ready to leave.

"The ball is about to begin," Anastasia said to her mother. "Cinderella's going to make us late!"

"Then you two had better go ahead," said their mother as she walked them to the waiting coach.

Cinderella stepped outside just in time to see the coach driving away without her.

Cinderella had to walk all the way to the castle by herself.

The ball had already begun by the time Cinderella arrived. She had never seen such wonderful costumes!

Cinderella was quickly pulled onto the dance floor.

"May I have this dance?" asked a dashing knight in shining armor.

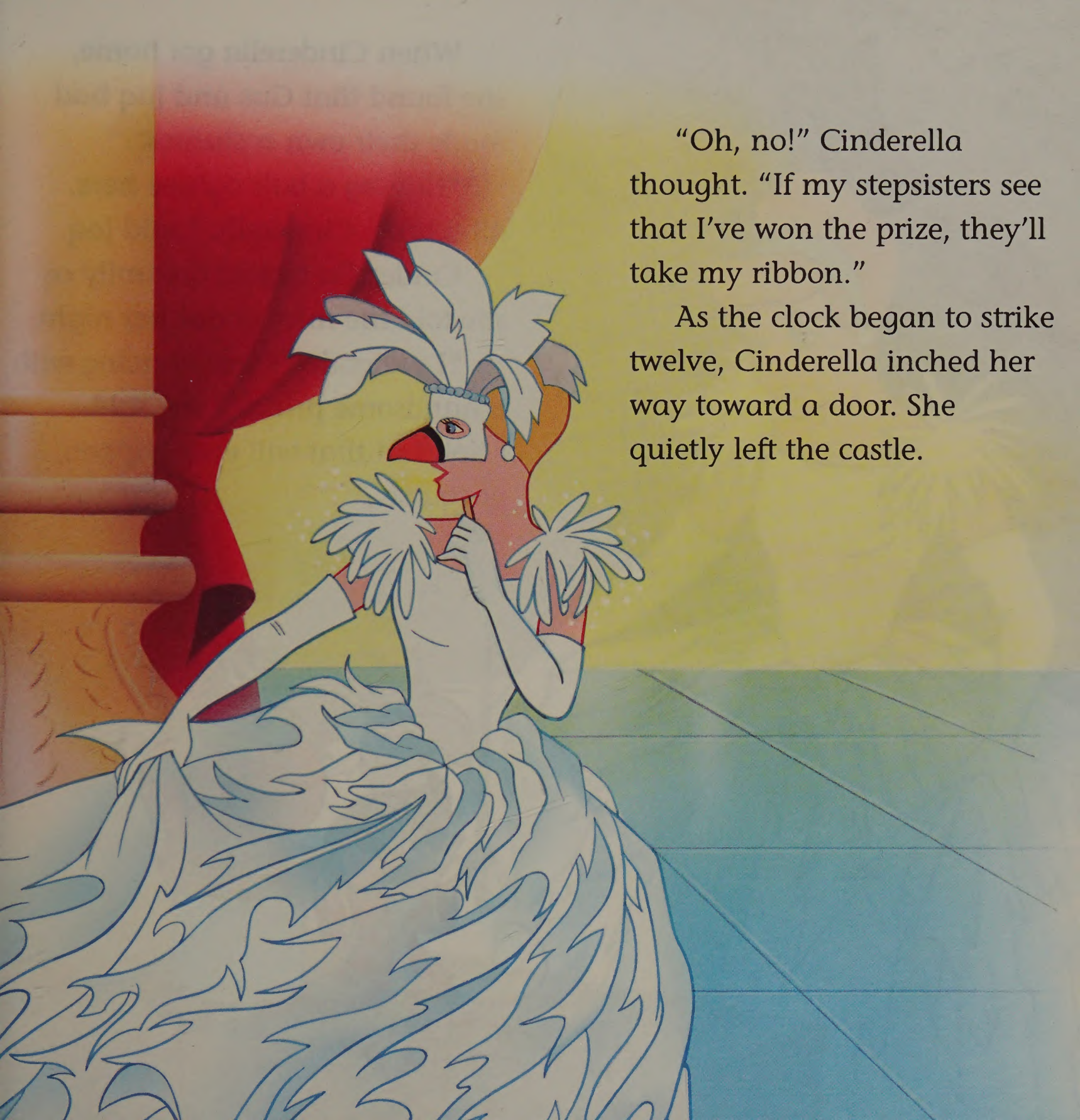
Cinderella couldn't remember the last time she'd had so much fun.

Soon the music stopped.

"The Grand Duke will award the prize for the best costume," the King announced.

Anastasia and Drizella pushed their way to the front. The Grand Duke walked past them and stopped right in front of Cinderella. "The winner is the swan princess," he announced, handing her the ribbon.

After everyone clapped for Cinderella, the Grand Duke continued. "When the clock strikes twelve, all of you must remove your masks," he said.



"Oh, no!" Cinderella thought. "If my stepsisters see that I've won the prize, they'll take my ribbon."

As the clock began to strike twelve, Cinderella inched her way toward a door. She quietly left the castle.

When Cinderella got home, she found that Gus and Jaq had made their own costumes.

"Having a ball rightee here, all-a time, Cinderelly," said Jaq.

Cinderella smiled dreamily as she told the mice about her night.

"I pretended I was dancing with a handsome prince," she said. "Not that that will ever happen, of course . . ."

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